

Through the Gods

by Kistyra

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Summary: Waking up with one foot less is hard, but waking up somewhere that is definitely NOT the Island of Berk is making Hiccup re-think a few things. And then there's this wolf... *Modern AU

1. Chapter 1

So to all of you who follow WTIACWS, I'll have a note on the bottom. Everyone else, please enjoy!

"_It's not so much what you look like, its what's inside that he can't stand."_

"_This is serious son. When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. No more ofâ€|this."_

"_Our parent's war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on."_

"_That's for the lies. And _that's_ for everything else."_

"_Just, promise me it won't go wrong."_

"_You're not my son."_

"_Go."_

"_He's alive. You brought him back alive!"_

The sudden roar of cheers in his head woke him. A wet nose nudged his chin. "Hey bud," he murmured over a thick tongue and cracked lips. The licking started until a paw stepped on his stomach, making him shoot up-

And suddenly see a very large, very real black wolf, half on his bed. He flinched away, screaming, "Help! Somebody help! Dad, Toothless, somebody!"

The wolf had backed away as soon as the boy screamed, and his dad thundered up the stairs shortly after. "Son, what is it? What's wrong?"

"The-Dad, it's-there's a _wolf,_ Dad!"

"Um, that's _your_ wolf, son. You told me so yourself. The doctor swore you didn't hit your head, but maybe I should call him backâ€|"

"Wha- Dad, there aren't even any wolves on the island, _how-_"

"_Island?_ Son, are you sure you're feeling alright? Berk may be in the middle of nowhere, but it's most certainly not an island. Now, lay back down, we need to clear some things up."

While his dad grabbed a chair, he edged away from the canine, who had lain down while resting his head on the bed.

"So about the spiritsâ€|" his dad started just as he asked "So about the dragonsâ€|"

Both frowned in confusion. "Wha-"they both said again, but his dad stopped him. "Nope, I'll justâ€|son, you came to help us." He opened his mouth, but his dad rested a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Son, let me try to explain. Justâ€|nod if you understand that, alright son?"

He pressed his lips into a thin line and nodded, giving the wolf a nervous glance.

"I was a fool, I know that now. I wish I had listened to you. That monster was too much for us to handle on our own. But what you did, no one has ever thought of, much less done. And if you _hadn't_, I shudder to think what would have happened to us. If you hadn't showed up with those spirits, I might not-"

"What spirits? Dad, they're just dragons."

His dad frowned but shook his head. "Anyways. That one, it was as mad as any vengeful spirits as I've ever seen. And a _bear_ to boot. Mortal rabid bears are bad eno-"

"Bear? Dad, that was a giant dragon. Why- you keep saying spirits, what are you saying?"

His dad huffed, then dragged a hand over face. "Now, don't laugh, just answer me. What's the year?"

"Um, Trader Johan brought that book a month ago dated 984â€|"

His dad looked at him in disbelief. "Son, it's 2009. The winter is coming."

His head was suddenly feeling light. "What?" then he looked around. His dad's beard was red and bushy still. While braids decorated it, it was not as grand as he had remembered it. His hair was short, hanging above his shoulders. His clothes were not furs. It was not a tunic and breeches. His boots were not fur lined.

He looked at the blanket fisted in his hands. It was not a bear fur. It was very soft. Beside him was a table, with a metal rod sticking out of a base. A linen cover domed over it. There was not a candle to be seen. He looked for where the light was coming from, and saw a window. Panes of clear glass covered it. It was the clearest glass he had ever seen.

His heart was beating too fast. This was not making sense. "How long was I asleep?"

"Five days? Since the attack. Been raining since then, it only just stopped this morning. All that snow got washed away and the green just appeared all along the pl-"

"That doesn't make sense. That-" He tried to remember any dreams he had had before. None of them had the vividness of what he was sure was his life.

He finally noticed across the room was a desk. It was the exact same as he remembered it. Covered in sketches and a leather bound journal.

"Dad, wait a sec, I just-" he had thrown the blankets off. He was wondering, somewhere in the back of his mind, why his leg had fallen asleep. But-

"Son, Henrik, I-"

"Wha- what did you just say?"

He looked at him. "Henrik, I know it-"

"My names Hiccup. Dad, what are you-" he had to grab that journal. He lunged out of bed, but the pressure between his leg and the prosthetic caused him to gasp, staggering.

The wolf's head appeared under him, catching him. He felt a sense of relief overcome him, and a whispered 'Thanks' escapes his lips. The wolf walks beside him as Hiccup hopes over to the desk and slumps into the chair.

It moves under him. The handles are not wood, but cold like metal, though there was no well-known sheen of any metal he knew.

His hand shook slightly as it reached for the journal. Each page he knew as his own. He knew what his trees looked like, his shadowing of buildings. He knew his own mind, shown in small devices. Even his own scratching of the runes beside the devices, explaining it all. Some words he didn't know, but they were still written by his hand.

Then there was the wolf. Sketched in then lightly shaded by charcoal, it was the same wolf that sat beside him, licking his nose and shifting from one paw to-

Hiccup slowly reached forward, brushing his hand over the wolf's nose. He leaned in to it with a content groan, and reached over to lick Hiccup's ear as his hand moved down his side and to where his left hind leg should have been. He ran a thumb over the shorter fur.

A huff made him whip his head back to facing the great thing. His shoulder was around the same spot as his own. His head could swallow him in two-three bites. But as he reached up to the wolf's chin, it groaned and leaned, eventually falling over onto his side then back as Hiccup obliged a belly rub.

"Didâ€¦I tell you what I named him?"

"I think it was Skoll."

He knew that name. "Shocking, I wonder whyâ€¦" He gave a shy look between the lolling wolf and his father, still rigid in his chair. "Um, would you tell me what happened?" He gave a pointed look to his leg.

"We were cornered. That damn bear got us by the ridge, a cliff face behind us, another drop to our right, and a pile of rocks as tall as the bear to our left. The rabid spirit was so mad he didn't even look as he swung. Gunnar and I were screaming at it, hoping it would move too fast and maybe fall off the cliff or- but then that _howl-_" He shivered. "You came bounding around on that beast, and I feared it was Loki on his beast-child Fanrir."

"You howled and tore at that thing until it chased you all the way up the mountains. Then you had it tumbling after you back down, tripped over its own legs I'd wager. Thenâ€¦it ran into you, Skoll couldn't get a grip on the rocks. It got you, by the shape of your leg. And it pulled you both down. We found him on the shore, I thought-"

Hiccup was suddenly picked up into a hug he was unfamiliar with. Nevertheless, the smell of his father was the same. Whatever difference between what he remembered and where he was, he was happy to still have his father.

Now, the date I picked a bit randomly. It is very close to '300 years,' (as Hiccup said in the movie) after the Viking Age began, as well as about 100 years before it ends. So.

Skoll is based on the wolf who chases the sun. I thought it was funny being that the wolf is based on Toothless, the Night Fury. If Skoll gets the sun, he eats it, turning the world into eternal night. Funny, yes?

Also, there's a one shot I'm working on. It has a few OC's I want to add into this story, I want a vote on that, as well as if I should work on this one more. Added note, once I get this started, I will be asking for oneshot requests. I'll bring this up again, don't worry.

Now, for WTIACWS followers, I'm sorry, I'm very stuck on on dates in that one, and it hasn't left my heart or mind. I will pick it back up, I swear, I just need to get my focus back.

2. Chapter 2

Well, I got a bit upset when I saw people viewing it and not reviewing, and maybe it's because of my WTIACWS followers. So here's the 2**nd**** chapter, it was already written.**

The gothi had been seeing Hiccup every day since the attack. She looked at his leg as his father explained what had happened after he had woken.

Lounging in bed as the old woman listened, Hiccup flicked through his journal. He found numerous pages of the wolf, drawn in different poses of life. Other animals drawn much larger than any he remembered were also among the pages. Near the back, between several blank pages, he found a sketch of a girl with a braid and an axe.

"Oh!" he said suddenly. His father jumped while Gothi gave him something between a stink eye and an inquisitive brow. "What about the others? Ruff, Tuff, Snotlout, Fishlegs, A-Astrid?"

"W- Son, who are you asking about?" The gothi glanced between his father and Hiccup before stepping closer to the bed.

"It's- ahâ€|" His cheeks heated as he showed his sketch.

"Henrik, that's Anneka. You know better th-" But the gothi put a hand up for silence. She pulled Hiccup's face down by his chin and stared into his eyes.

Her eyebrows flew to her hairline and dropped his chin like he had burned her. She waved his father out of the room. "Right, I'll get Gunnar."

She stepped away from the bed as he heard his father rush down the stairs and out the door. She reached into a pouch at her hip and rattled what was in them, mouthing words or prayers. She let them fall to the floor as she scanned how they lay.

Skoll got too interested, apparently, as he nosed closer to the collection of carved bones. When he almost touched one, Gothi's walking stick gave a sound tap on his head, making the wolf scuttle back.

Hiccup grinned and raised an eyebrow at him. The wolf walked off to the corner and curled up. He was tucking his nose under his tail just as the door opened again.

"Now, I understand that I'm the only one who knows how the gothi writes, but what exactly's amatter with the lad?"

"Gobber?" Hiccup inquired, just as his father stepped to the side. "Dad, what's Gobber doing here? I thought you were getting some Gunnar fellow."

Two heavily bushed brows lowered. "Ah, I see now." Then a thoughtful look came over his face before he turned back to Gothi. She had scooped the bones back into the pouch at some point and was now hurriedly writing with the end of her staff.

Gobber moved forward and stared at the scrawls. Hiccup and his father

also moved to get a clear view. They both still thought they were either chicken scratches or stick drawings.

"It'sâ€¦I'm not sure how to phrase this, Ereik," Gobber said with a look at Hiccup's father. "The gothi believes Henrik must be either confused about himself-" a thwack sounded as Gothi gave him a tap on the head. "Gah! Now wh- oh, actually it says he has either been switched with a past life, or when the gods showed him his past, he then got confused, and is remembering only his past." He looked up at the gothi, who nodded. He then leaned towards Hiccup's father and whispered, "It still don't make sense."

She changed tactics and got him on his arse. Muttering under his mustache, Gobber hobbled towards Hiccup's bed. "So how are ye, lad? And that leg?" He cocked an eyebrow. "Ye like me handiwork? I gave it my best to add a lil' Henrik flair to it."

He ignored the name and turned to look at his new metal attachment. His one leg bottom was cuffed up to show the metal cup covering his stump. A thick rod stretched from it with a wide-coiled wire around it. An angled hook bounced from on top of the coil, back, then down, acting as the flat of his foot.

He gave standing another shot, slowly applying pressure, fearing the pain he had felt earlier. Silently astounded at the wire as it bounced back into shape after giving it a jiggle. "It'sâ€¦amazing Gobber. I mean, I might have to tweak it, butâ€¦" he turned a crooked smile at him. "When will I be able to help you with the forge again?"

Both of the men looked at each other. "Son, there is no forge. You work in the mechanic shop with Gunnar. His name isn't Gobber."

Hiccup winced. "Right. I am suddenly some ghost that has moved on to the future and happen to be looking at all of the exact same faces as where I just supposedly came from. Because that makes complete sense."

He took a step forward and tottered at how strange it felt, but eventually made it down the stairs and to the door. He flung it open, and a cold nose nudged his back. He stepped forward and down the steps just as Skoll lunged past and began to bound around in the green grass.

Hiccup could only stare.

The grass was green, just as his father had said. There was still a hill heading downwards after the steps of his home. A forest surrounded the village.

The homes he remembered seeing were not the wood huts he expected. The walls were white or dark red or grey blue. They didn't even look like they were made of wood. Smoke still curled out of the homes. Great stone statues stood around, looking over the homes they were besides. Other things he couldn't even imagine naming were also beside certain homes. However, that was not nearly as surprising as the animals.

He was almost expecting the chickens and yaks to be loose. What he

did see was nothing even close.

Giant birds, all recognizable but significantly bigger to the normal beings, perched along the roofs. Land creatures wandered, coming or leaving to go back into the woods. Even the people were out, holding their hands out to some of the beasts.

"It's pretty different, after what you did. A lot has changed the past few days. Almost everyone has a new thought about it all, but we all agree it's because of you."

He looked at the girl who he would love, regardless of whatever life, year, or world he came to.

"Hey, Astrid." It was still her face. Her blue eyes, pointed chin. Her golden hair, bangs hanging over half of her face.

She frowned under her fur cap and pulled the green coat tighter around her. "What did you say? I thought Gothi said your head was fine, but, I mean, what did you just call me?" She gave a pointed look at him. "Aren't you cold?"

He was wondering if 'Henrik' had been kissed by this girl the night before everything, just like Hiccup had been, when he looked at himself and blushed.

He was only wearing breeches. Weird looking ones, but only breeches nonetheless.

She nodded towards the door. "You go in and change. I'll wait at the main level. We have some things to talk about."

She stepped towards the door, but he held his hands up. "Wait, that's- it's not very appropriate, just-"

"Appropriate." He stopped himself from flinching at her tone. "You're worried about this- that's real smooth Henri, really smooth." Then she slugged him in the face before storming away.

Yeah, I'm annoying, I know. You'll figure it all out the same as Hiccup/Henrik.

**And guess what? THE VIKINGS BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION WHOOO!
**

So you get to learn a bit more in this chapter, maybe you can see where I'm going with this. But once this is all figured out (for Henrik, not me, I know exactly where this is going, duh) I will be taking oneshot requests. I will post them in order of age, and sometimes a request might not get posted right after the request is made. I will inform you if that is the case.

Thank you, please review and/or request via my Tumblr, Kistyra.

I will check reviews, but might not take them as seriously. I want a **_bit**_** of effort, muahaha**

****Hey, guess what? I GOT A REVIEW! Thanks Angryhenry, though I have no idea what you saidâ€¦. This chapter came up tonight thanks to Angryhenry, because he reviewed. muahaha****

****Anyways, I KNOW I HAVE 5 FOLLOWERS, AT LEAST REVIEW. ****

Holding a steak to his darkening eye, Hiccup wondered what he had said.

His father threw something at him. "Put that on."

Hiccup could see it had arm sleeves. He pulled it on, and the odd bit on top flopped over his eyes. "What is it?" He shoved the top part back and put the meat back on his eye, Skoll watching it with more interest than necessary.

"A hoodie." He looked at Hiccup and sighed. "Son, are you sure you didn't run into a door?"

"_Dad._"

"Now hear me out. That girl has been over the moon about you since the attack. You must have said something or another to upset her."

"_Upset_ is a bit mild. I- Just- She wanted to talk, and she invited herself in the house. I thought it would be inappropriate if she were in here."

He gave his son a look of pity. "It's not inappropriate, Henrik. Anneka has been over more than a handful of times. You _are_ tutoring her in mathematics."

"What are mathematics? T- That's beside the point! Won't people t-think, um, b- poorlyâ€¦of her?" He set the steak down on the ground where it was gobbled in two bites.

His father's face switched from 'pity' to 'suspicious.' "I can't tell if you're serious. You're not pulling an old man's beard, now, are you?"

Hiccup started to turn red as he sputtered, "But, I mean, it's not like, um, I- we- I'm, uh, courting Astr- er, her, um, am I?" Rather the face his father with a red face, he got up and went to â€" what was it called? It looked like a water basin.

"Courting? You mean dating? Well, even if you were you wouldn't exactly be telling your father first, would you? But you had better ask someone before you stick your other foot in your mo-" His father blinked several times before coughing out a "Sorry."

Hiccup glanced at his metal peg. He turned one of the knobs by it and water poured out. He splashed it over his face, careful of his eye. "It's fine, Dad."

A knock at the door sounded before Gobber came through, holing a pile of books in his good arm. "I figured it out, Ereik, Henrik! Gobber were an ancestor of mine. Now Mum was a big history buff in her day and got the whole family tree, starting with our ancestor Bork." He

threw a very old leather book down and opened it to the back page. Hiccup and his father stood around it as Gobber pointed. The first name at the top was indeed Bork. Gobber trailed a finger down and tapped to the name 'Gobber,' alone on the edge of the page.

"See, obviously not a part of the direct lineage to yer 'Gobber,' Henrik, but he is in the family. Now let's see what Mum saidâ€|" He grabbed another book and dusted off the cover to show 836-1049. Looking at the index, he flipped through several pages until he got to 969. He pulled the book close to himself and scanned the words. While he read, Hiccup wandered up the stairs and grabbed his sketchbook. He could hear Gobber clearly as he bellowed, "Ah-ha! Here's Hiccup, son of Stoic the Vast and Valka Haddock."

I'm glad the bellowing hasn't changedâ€| Hiccup thought quietly.

"Gunnar, do you know if Henrik had ever seen these before?"

"Not possible. They were under a chest that weighed twice as much as 'im, and the dust was about as old as I was. They haven't seen the light of day since Mum put 'em there."

Hiccup frowned, unknowingly stuffing his hands and book into the pouch over his stomach. "Wha- you think I'm lying? Or that the gothi lied?" Hiccup huffed and walked back out the door. "Who the Hel would come up with such a lieâ€|"

Skoll followed behind him, and once outside, was lying down in front of Hiccup. He squatted next to the wolf and rubbed his head.

He was not the scaled friend he remembered. He did not have wings. Hiccup was mostly certain that the wolf would not be able to breathe fire any time soon. He sighed, asking, "What do you say we get out of here for a bit, huh, bud?"

Skoll snorted and trotted off towards the trees. The direction was vaguely familiar, somewhere in his mind. As he stumbled over large tree roots and rocks the familiarity grew until he was confidently avoiding and weaving around them.

Skoll walked off until he stopped in front of a noticeable pile of boulders. One Hiccup easily remembered. "No wayâ€|" The wolf rolled his eyes before lumbering between the two and vanishing. The boy followed closely behind.

Once he got down, it was as if he was back home, on the island in the Meridian of Misery. The cove was still a spot of sun filled green, clear pond located in the middle.

Stepping down the steep incline carefully, he came across a hunk of wood that looked like a club. He ducked under it and stumbled forward, falling onto his hands and looking at very big hooves.

He looked up just as a long snout snorted into his hair.

He is scrawny for a human. Are you sure he is the one, Moon-Howler?

Hiccup didn't feel as surprised as he might have, if his day had

started like it used to.

The mountain goat was almost as big as Skoll, the horns a menacing curl over its ears.

_I am certain, Rock-Climber. _Skoll growled, menacing as he stood next to Hiccup. _I will not have you doubt me now. Was I not correct about All-Eater?_

A white blur rammed into the mountain goat. The Dall sheep's horns curled wide enough, Hiccup could probably stick his whole head through and his nose would not brush it.

Be silent, Rock-Climber! Before I beat the noise out of you!

The mountain goat reared then came down to crash its skull into the Dall's. _I would like to see you try!_ Back and forth the two butted heads against each other, trading insults as they wandered around the cove.

Skoll snort. _Do you see what I must deal with? You think it is difficult with the other humans._

"Um, h-how are you doing this? How am I hearing you?"

Skoll looked all around him. _This place is sacred. Looked upon by the gods._ He looked at Hiccup. _They have woken again. Time is moving forward at last._

SO we have a speaking wolf! And goat. And sheep&|and&|other animals BUT I won't go overboard on this I swear! If you feel like I am, yell at me! I mean it! This is not a Barbie movie!

Ahem, anyways. We find out what a **_gentleman**_** Hiccup/Henrik is ("aww") and we learn Gobber/Gunnar in a descendant to THE Gobber.**

NEXT LINE IS A SPOILER

Not to forget, but I just found out GOBBER IS GAY IT WAS HINTED AT IN THE SECOND MOVIE AND ACTOR/PRODUCERS CONFIRMED IT WHOO

He might even get a partner in the third movie&|.

Can I buy ticket NOW? And the DVD? And the DreamWorks Dragons: Masters? And maybe all the merchandise while we're at it?

Sure, that'll be a gazillion dollars.

"&|**can I pay that in Fanfiction?***

No.

Ahem, sorry, bit of a freak out there. Requests/prompts are open, seriously guys. AND REVIEWS, REVIEWS WILL GET YOU MORE CHAPTERS I PROMISE

****Thank you OLiOnheartO, Angryhenry, June Odyssey, ****Kuro kaze no aka kira, and Malik The Night Angel, you all get a brownie point for reviewing! AND prompting this chapter to come out sooner.****

****I hope you all enjoy.****

"So who was the All-Eater?" Hiccup had found a seat on a protruding rock. Skoll lay beside him, watching the pond with mild interest.

_That creature your father named a bear. He once was the Great-Eater, a knowing spirit who eats only enough for himself. _Skoll sighed sadly. _But time is repeating itself. This age is coming to an end._

"An _end._ What does that have to do with the bear going rabid?"

Skoll turned his massive head and looked Hiccup in the eyes. _The powerful will survive into the next world. What Great-Eater did not understand was that the power he took, devouring it from his spirit brethren, would drive him mad._

"Turning him into a rabid spiritâ€|" Hiccup murmured to himself. "Wait, what do you mean the powerful will survive?"

It is not important at this time. The end is noticeable, like rain coming in the wind, but it is not here.

"Wh- that doesn't ev-"

"So, you're still talking to them."

Hiccup leaped forwards, spinning to face the voice. He wondered if he had just woken after a dream, and was back, seeing Astrid just _sitting _on the rock, dragging a stone over her axe.

But she was wearing that hat, and the axe was smaller. Was it a hatchet? "Ah, hi, As- um, hi."

She looked up at him then back to her blade. "Your dad, he was worried about you. Said you had been gone a while."

Hiccup wondered how long the walk had been, if it took longer because he wasn't home, or because of his new foot. Stub.

"Heâ€|also said thatâ€|that you were confused. That you think it's sometime in the medieval ages or something like that."

"Something like that."

She finally looked him in the eyes. Or just the one eye. "I'm sorry about that. You, I thought you were embarrassed. About us. Me." She looked down again, the _shing_ of the sharpening stone the only noise in the cove.

"What did you mean, still talking to them."

The stone fell from her fingers. She lunged, trying to grab it, but

Hiccup had already scooped it up, rolling it between his fingers.

"You, that's what you were doing, the day before the fight." She tapped her fingers on the rock before leaping down. "You really don't remember?" Her blue eyes were looking at him.

"Yeah, really."

She stepped close to him, his heart gave a possibly unhealthy thud, and she reached behind him with the hatchet.

This is it, she's going to behead him, and this is the closest he's ever goi-

The metal made a faint clink as she set it on the rock behind him. "Soâ€¦you don't remember the kiss." She looked at him through her lashes.

"Kiss?" His voice broke at the single syllable. He was beginning to doubt if he had even woken up yet, maybe this was a dream, or maybe he was in Hel's kingdom, being tortured, the pain just about to start with his heart pounding right out of his chest.

"Well, I guess I don't have to worry about that conversation." She whirled around and walked away from him, moving towards the pond, but giving Skoll a wide berth.

Hiccup sighed, a mix of relief and maybe disappointment, and rubbed the back of his neck. "So you're going to avoid the conversation now." He purposefully sat next to Skoll, rubbing the wolf's head in an unconscious gesture. If she was anything like Astrid, the word avoid would-

She turned sharply, pointing a finger at him. "I don't avoid anything."

"I'm pretty sure you are."

"I-" she stopped and gripped the flaps of her hat, pulling it down over her eyes with a frustrated grunt before shoving it back up. "You're supposed to be old fashioned and gentlemanly! But this" she waved her hand in his direction "is the same Henri from before!"

"Technically we're the same person. According to Gothi, that is."

Is this part of the human mating ritual? Skoll asked. This growling and snapping at one another?

"You," Hiccup whipped his head around, seeing the wolf was cocking his head to one side, "shut up, useless canine." He glanced back at the girl in front of him, feeling his face heat. "Did you, um, hear that?"

"No," she snapped at him. "I don't care what your wolf said, or what you said to it." She threw a foot out, connecting it with his knee. The bad one. "All I wanted to do was figure out what was going on, with you, with me, something!" she tugged her hat over her eyes

again and missed Hiccup rolling over onto his side. "And here you are being an ass and forgetting and all I want to do is move on and I _really_ don't want to talk about all that again and- what are you-" Her face visibly paled once she could see.

"_Why_," he gasped out, "would you _do_ that!?" The kick had hit squarely on the metal cup, which was covering his still healing stitches.

"I-oh gods, I'm _so_ sorry, I didn't, I mean, are you-it-"

He rolled his pant leg up and wiggled the cup. He sighed when it didn't cause more pain. He then tugged it off.

Astrid-Anneka-whatever turned away, then straightened her back and curled her hands into fists before facing him again.

Hiccup crossed it over his other knee, peeling away the wool sock covering and looked at it with interest. He had glanced at it when the Gothi stopped by earlier, but hadn't dared be inquisitive in front of his father.

He could admire the dull pink skin, pulled over what he could only assume was bone. The stitches holding it there were thick and black, neat and tidy. The wound under the stitches was more red than pink, with a thin scab between it and creeping around the thread.

Skoll even leaned his head close, giving it sniff and a small lick.

He patted the wolf's head and smirked at the girl. "Has to be the neatest battle wound I've ever seen. Gothi does good work, huh?" He then moved his pant leg up to the angry red line inches above. "This, though, this I can't quite appreciate."

"I said I was sorry," she murmured, eyes focused on the scar. Hiccup moved it noticeably, causing her to look quickly at his face then away. "And you deserved it, anyways. For scaring me."

"Of course I did."

I'm still accepting prompts. I only have one and then maybe a second if I need, butâ€¦

I'm not going to focus a whole lot on the stub, especially since no makes it seem like a big deal in the Dreamworks Dragons series. And by no one I mean the animators/producers/characters.

Except for Ruff who thinks it's hilarious and mentions it multiple times.

5. Chapter 5

Hiccup had resorted to drawing in the mud while Astrid paced near the pond, twirling her hatchet around her in terrifying movements.

He wasn't especially focused on what he was drawing, more that he was doing something familiar while working up the nerve to talk to the

violent-prone girl wielding a miniature axe.

"So tell me about home. Berk in a nutshell." She paused in her motions to glance at him. He shrugged his shoulders, and she resumed moving, a slower pace than before.

"Well you are the only nut in that whole shell. At least we all thought you were." She sighed, resigning her actions to simple passes over and under her hands. "But it wasn't all bad. You were great in the shop, always checking something no matter how rude anyone was being. You were always so damn patient." She emphasized her word by thrusting the hatchet out in a sweeping cut.

Hiccup gulped and ducked his head, even though the girl was a good ten feet away from him. "I didn't want to hear about me. I want to know about Berk." It was different to him, not his Berk, but she didn't know that, right?

"Right. Um how would I explain it to a local? It's south of Mt. Fairweather, on the edge of Alaska's Gulf. It's 5 days away from the nearest town, and that's by any mobile. But the people who live in Berk are different."

She glances at Skoll, and then picks up her twirling again. "We had to fight to stay here, or we thought we did. We have stubbornness issues. Most people have to fight off mice or mosquitoes, but nooo we had these cursed spirits."

Skoll snorted at her. "Yeah, and you were the nasty one. Always lurking in the shadows, just out of the lights. Making a ruckus whenever another spirit got in trouble, so we'd be distracted and move on. The others all stole food when our back was turned."

I would never expect a mortal to understand the power All-Eater possessed over the lesser spirits. The wolf looked from Astrid to the ground Hiccup had been drawing on. Why do I know that face?

Now Hiccup looked at what he had thought was a doodle. Turned out, he had re-drawn Toothless, the same way he had drawn him after just meeting the Night Fury.

"That was the dragon I befriended," he murmured in a low voice. He stood, stuffing his hands in his pouch " suddenly remembering his sketch book " and kicked the drawing until it was just loose dirt. He looked up in time to see the hatchet be twirled in the air, then caught and put on her back in one swift motion.

"What do they do, that makes them so hard to deal with? I mean, it looks like they're just big animals, but" he looked at his feet as he slowly walked, purposely placing his feet- foot, foot and stump " in awkward steps.

"They can disappear." Hiccup had to turn his head sharply at that statement, causing him to totter. She shrugged. "That's why we call them spirits. They're bigger versions of what they look like, and they can appear and disappear when they choose."

Not entirely true, but it is as we wish most times, Skoll added in. The wolf's eyes moved far to the right of Astrid, and Hiccup was

yelling her name and tackling her to the ground and rolling out of the way of massive hooves.

Skoll then snarled loudly, leaping at the still fighting goat and sheep. The snarl and leap was apparently enough to break them up, causing them to step away from each other and shake their heads.

"Oh, gods, I was wondering where they had gone."

She shoved him off her, her eyes wide and terrified. "You knew they were here?!" She then pushed him into the mud. "Why the hell do you keep calling me that? Just 'wondering' where they've been? That's not-you haven't said my name once, and you're still throwing me around when these spirits are coming at me." She shoved him into the mud again, making sure his head made contact, then pushed herself off of him. "You have got to stop doing that."

He sat up on one arm, rubbing the back of his head and trying to comb the mud. "Which one?" Skoll came over and shuffled his nose over his hair, sniffing heartily. Hiccup gave up on the mud, and checked his pouch. The sketchbook was still there.

She almost pouted, pressing her lips together, eyes glancing between the wolf and him. "What's my name?"

"Ah, well, I don't, um, is it..." he trailed off and sighed hopelessly. "You'll just always be Astrid, I guess."

She scowled along with her almost-pout. "What does that even mean? No, forget it, Henri, I'm taking you-"

"My name's Hiccup."

"-back, clearly Gothi missed somethi-" She had been walking back towards the entrance of the cove, but her shoulders now slumped, head turning back to him. "What was that?"

"My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third." He even took the time to stand at his full height, squaring his shoulders.

But she rolled her eyes. "At least you got the Haddock part rightâ€|" she muttered before resuming her march.

Hiccup followed dutifully, though he wouldn't be going to the Gothi's. Instead he was thinking about his new but comfortable bed, and maybe even a bath.

Half way back â€" or what he thought was half â€" Skoll gave his hand a nudge before trotting off.

"Where are you going?" But he got no reply, rather a flick of a tail. Hiccup knew the 8 foot wolf would be fine on his own, but the hobble-shuffle of his single back leg had Hiccup thinking the rest of the way back.

In the village, Astrid was leading towards a noticeably higher and skinnier house. "I'll just go home and see her tomorrow." He ducked into his own home before she could reply.

Trudging up to his room, he glanced back and forth between his desk and the bed. His mind won, and Hiccup sat at the desk, opening his notebook and studying it more thoroughly, comparing loose papers to sketches, carefully re-writing the words he didn't know.

He kept hearing his father's voice, "_Skoll couldn't get a grip on the rocks," _and the wolf walking away, the odd leg hopping behind.

He wasn't sure how much time had gone by. The front door opened, closed, and Hiccup suddenly noticed how dark it was.

He greeted his father and a panting Skoll on his way down the steps. "One ice block or two?" Hiccup asked, grin on his face at the odd familiarity of it.

"Ice? I'll pass on that. Look, Gunnar said he made you something. Said to show you as soon as I saw you." He set a red wrapped bundle on the table. He moved off as Hiccup went up to it, slowly un-wrapping it.

It was the leg. The leg he had seen in his papers and sketches. He pushed at a cable sticking out and claws detracted from the artificial paw.

He was suddenly very tired. His eyelids lid shut heavily. Carefully he set the leg back down in the material. "Thanks, I'll.." He yawned, his jaw stretching painfully, "tell him tomorrow. Night, dad."

He didn't wait for his dad's murmured reply. He couldn't even think about a bath without his eyelids sliding shut with an exhausting weight. He wondered about his hair just before his head hit the pillow, but then he was asleep.

Waking up the next morning, he blinked before slapping himself in the face. "Shit-Dad! I remembered."

"Wh-remember what?" The bellow was easily heard through the floorboards.

He sighed heavily, swinging his legs out of bed. "Everything."

Let me guess, someone was wondering where those two crazy kids went? (YES 'kids' is a pun!)

So this is the end of my insane idea coming to light. Now we are IN the light, and the Riders of Berk segment may begin. Who has a favorite episode or three?

Some of the comments have mentioned seeing Henri in Viking Berk. Thatâ€|can't happen, it was the other thing Gothi mentioned, he received the knowledge from Hiccup, then got confused. Soâ€|Henri is still here. There. He didn't leave, is what I'm getting at. Any questions?

My plan is to go about 40 chapters in, same amount as the episodes, but I'm going to stretch time out over the 6ish years until the new movie. I WILL NOT have each chapter correlate with each episode. That would be ridiculous.

****But seriously, favorite episode or ten? Anyone? Any awesome teenage prompt? Date ideas? ****

6. Chapter 6

****I would have liked to post sooner, but I got three reviews when I was **_**hoping**_** for at least five. Thank you ktbugg, Malik the Night Angel, and Guest!****

****I hope to get more reviews!****

"You justâ€|remembered? Like that?"

"Yeah, like that." He pulled a t-shirt over his head and hopped into a pair of jeans. "I can't- it's not exactly like I can explain it, Dad." Every time he had tried to think about it, it had resulted in a splitting headache that stopped as soon as he thought about something else. "Hand me my prosthetic."

He did. "Soâ€|your Henrik now?" His eyes were on the wool sock until the pant leg covered it.

"I never stopped, and now I won't stop being Hiccup. Reincarnation is a funny thing." He grabbed a flannel button up. "I mean, you must have been Stoic, my dad from before. Leading a large group of people, looked up to by nearly everyone, always looking after your sonâ€|" He aimed a crooked grin at the larger man.

Erek chuckled, "Oh, my boy, of all the people the gods had to pick, it had to be Berk's worst mountain man."

He rolled his eyes and tugged the flannel on his shoulders. "I'm going out, gotta go and meet with the gang, make sure Astrid doesn't drag me off for going mad." He scratched Skoll's chin, and the wolf followed the boy down the steps.

"You mean Anneka." His dad frowned, crossing his arms halfway down the steps.

Hiccup froze, hand on the door handle. "Right. I knew that." He shifted the wrapped leg under his arm.

"Son-"

"I-" he jerked the door open, "am going to go see Frode, the twins Torger and Ragna, and probably Sigmund, who has a major attitude problem with me. See you later."

He didn't slam the door. He was not angry. He thought his father was being entirely reasonable wondering about his son's sanity. To doubt what he's saying, he doesn't entirely care for.

"Hey, look! Useless is up. Still seeing knights?" They all had the same face. All four-five, Astrid was there, scowling under her ushanka, bumping shoulders with Ruffnut.

"Well, you wouldn't be one, so how could I see them?" He rolled his eyes at the dark haired boy.

"Wait, what are you getting at?"

"Never mind. Look, go meet at the cove, I'll catch up. Have to pick something up as Gunnar's." They wouldn't be that upset of he was late, would they?

He waved at them as they disappeared into the woods, and then hurriedly walked to the shop.

In the back was an old attachment shed, used for wood storage then dust storage before Hiccup turned it into his personal workroom. Apparently Henrik's devices had slightly worse repercussions. And more explosions.

The saddle was sitting there, leaned up against the wall. Hiccup raised an eyebrow at Skoll. "Whadaya say, bud? Wanna try the leg out?"

His tongue lolled out in response. Hiccup laughed while buckling the new leg on. It took a few minutes to hook the new leg to the saddle's cables. Skoll hopped and strutted around, the metal leg moving in time with his front right leg.

"How about we go for a run?"

Hiccup had thought he wouldn't feel this here. Henrik missed this. The feeling of flying over " under, through " trees, getting whipped by branches and laughing as everything blurs by.

Gunnar had made an adjustment in the pedal so the peg could fit on and the base of it would make the small adjustments same as the foot.

They made a sharp turn around some rocks " he switched the cable to its mid-spot of less tension, then so it followed the back right leg, metal and keratin digging into the ground - and suddenly soared over a dip in the ground. A gleeful yelp escaped his mouth before it turned into a hysterical laugh. They landed, Hiccup switching the gears as Skoll gave a low howl.

Still chuckling, Hiccup asked, "What was that about, bud?" He got a snort in reply. "Fine, make me wait till I'm surrounded by people who already think I'm insane." The wolf sneezed. "Don't you laugh a-" but he was quickly distracted by a sudden turn and dip in the ground.

They continued to run for several more minutes before another launch into open air was actually the air above the cove.

In his surprise, Hiccup let go of his safety bar, and when the wolf skidded to a halt in the soft dirt, the boy rolled off and ahead of the wolf. He was laughing so hard at himself that he barely heard Torger and Sigmund snickering.

"I'm so-" he couldn't quite stop laughing, "I'm sorry, was- was I late?" A new fit of laughs hit before he coughed. "I had to try out the new leg" he stood, dusting himself off. Glancing at their faces, he decided they didn't care. "So," he asked with a glance at Skoll, "what did you howl about?"

I was calling a gathering. It is time more of your kind befriend us.

"Befr-" but he was caught off guard by a gust of wind pushing them all downwards.

_Wind-Riser, greetings. _Skoll's normally level, baritone voice held a humored tone to it.

And to you, Moon-Howler. This new voice was level and no-nonsense. Once Hiccup managed to look, he was awestruck at the great Golden Eagle standing before him. She cocked her head at him, blinking one golden eye. _Am I not lovely, human?_

He swallowed then nodded. The raptor was three times his own height, with a beak that could crush his head if she desired. He swiveled around quickly when he heard a gasp behind him, remembering he had guests.

"Um, well, it seems Skoll and I had similar ideas" he glanced at the wolf that was lying down. "But it looks like this might work out. A- Anneka, will you come here?" He held a hand out for her while raising a hand out to the giant eagle.

Astrid visible swallowed and took careful steps forward. When the eagle rubbed her beak against his hand, she flinched back. "What, exactly, am I going to do when I'm up there?"

He gave her a crooked grin. "We're all going to ride spirits."

****But for reals, people. Reviews. Reviews will help in the story writing.****

****ESPECIALLY in later chapters. I'm not some superior AU writer that can come up with a million plots.****

****Or just 39. I think I want 39 chapters till the second movie part.****

****AND forget the Tumblr think, just post plots/requests/whatevers in a review. Just give me that and I will BE SO MUCH HAPPIER AND WILLING TO UPDATE FASTER seriously.****

End
file.